

A man is poor for one reason: He does not have money. And if you want to cure poverty, you give him money. You ought not to tell about people who don't work and you can't give people money without workin' 'cause if that were true you'd have to stop [giving money to] Rockefeller, Bobby Kennedy, Lyndon Baines Johnson, Lady Bird Johnson . . . and probably a large number of the Board of Trustees of this university. . . . We are oppressed because we are black, not because we are lazy, not because we are apathetic, not because we are stupid, not because we smell, not because we eat watermelon and have good rhythm.

Suddenly he switched his guns to the draft and the war in Vietnam. He reiterated his often repeated statement that Negro soldiers who fight for America are black mercenaries, and he said that radicals, both black and white, must emulate him by saying to their Draft Boards, "Hell, no—we ain't going!" The War in Vietnam "is an illegal and immoral war," he said. "There is a higher law than that of a racist named McNamara, a fool named Rusk, and a buffoon named Johnson. . . . We will not let them make us hired killers. We will not kill anybody they say to kill." Then, in an exaggerated dialect he threatened: "We goin' ta decide who we goin' kill." The crowd shrieked with glee. But, for some reason, no newspaper chose to quote the remark.

Like previous speakers, Carmichael called upon white radicals to work organizing white communities along the lines of those proposed by the Alinsky-King-Reuther Citizens Crusade Against Poverty. When that is accomplished, Stokely said, we can form a coalition to "build new political institutions."

In closing, Stokely Carmichael reiterated the theme heard throughout the day that neither the Democrat nor Re-

publican Parties could save the Negro because they were part of the same system, and added: "I don't want to be part of the American type—that type means raping South Africa, beating Vietnam, beating South America, raping the Philippines, wrecking every country. I don't want any of your blood money. . . . We must question whether we want this country to be the richest country in the world at the price of raping everybody else. . . . This country is uncivilized. It needs to be civilized! And so we say to our white brothers and sisters, 'move on over or we're going to move on over you.'"

In one sense Stokely is right. America is sick, but not in the way this Marxist revolutionary means. That Berkeley, an institution on which the industrious taxpayers of California yearly shower \$30 million, should be allowed to be turned into the world's largest outdoor insane asylum is symptomatic of our society's illness. That the Berkeley Administration could conceive of this Halloween monstrosity as having "educational value" is just plain sick. That it should go unnoticed in the news media that fourteen-thousand people turned out to cheer as speaker after speaker called for the overthrow of our economic and political system and for blood in the streets is indicative of the extent of our somnambulism. That every American has not been informed that the Black Power movement is based on the economic hallucinations of Marx and the revolutionary strategems of Lenin discloses the depth of the disease of self-deceiving sophistication which afflicts the white "Liberal" egotists who are the opinion makers in this country. Having sewn the wind, America must reap the whirlwind. When it happens, the American Press will probably emulate the dissolute nominal Christian Scientist who upon descending to his final reward commented, "This is not Hell and it's not hot!" ■■

FROM SAIGON

Our Correspondent On Tu Do Street

■ ABOUT SEVEN-THIRTY in the evening on Saigon's Tu Do Street, the shabby thoroughfare leading up from the docks, a lonely GI was conducting a delicate business negotiation with a Vietnamese urchin of about thirteen. Perspiration soaked the young soldier's shirt. Unless he wanted to buy drinks in one of Tu Do Street's sordid bars, there was little else to do till the eleven p.m. curfew when Americans must be off the streets. It was not hard to see that the young American soldier felt alone and lonely and desperately in need of someone or something, anything, to which to give his affection.

The Vietnamese youngster was gripping a piece of sugar cane which she was feeding to a chipmunk, maintaining a precarious balance on her wrist. As they haggled over price, the girl asking 150 piastres and the American soldier offering 130, the soldier gently stroked the chipmunk's head. The animal was not tied and the little Vietnamese, whose knowledge of English was confined to counting piastres in units of hundreds and fifties, was not holding him.

A group of children, bored GIs, and good-natured Vietnamese gathered to watch the bargaining. In the end the deal was closed at 130 piastres, and by simply transferring the three-inch stalk of sugar cane from the youngster's hand to the soldier's the chipmunk moved from the brown wrist to the white one with no apparent gain or loss of confidence. The last I saw of him he was moving up Tu Do Street with the young American still petting his head.

Tu Do means independence. It used to be called *Rue Catinat*, and much could be written about it. Well-dressed women used to sit on its terraces at aperitif time. But, over the past twenty-five years it has been a one-way street for many thousands of men in uniform. During World War II the conquering Japanese swaggered down it to victory and then defeat. In August of 1945, the Vietminh were unleashed to terrorize it, till General Gracey came in with his Ghurkas and restored a semblance of order. After Gracey came the French, and the Ninth Division of Colonial Infantry marched up Rue Catinat, past the corner of Nguyen Van Thinh Street where the GI bought his chipmunk, towards death in the rice paddies and the High Plateau. It is the same road the GIs are now taking.

About the time the Twenty-Third Regiment of the Ninth Division of Colonial Infantry moved up Catinat from the docks, an American "Information Officer" named Francis Cunningham joined the contingent in the American Consulate in Saigon with a shipment of films to be shown as part of an American educational program. They had nothing to do with America or our way of life. They were films of the French Army fleeing in disorder before the German breakthrough—to prove to those Vietnamese who were still hesitating to join Ho Chi Minh what could be done. That is a part of the reason why a home-sick boy from somewhere in the Midwest was buying a chipmunk on the corner of Tu Do and Nguyen Van Thinh at seven-thirty on the muggy

evening of November 18, 1966—just to have a living creature that would become attached to him, something he could call his own in far off Vietnam.

A voice at my elbow jarred me from my philosophizing. It was a soldier in uniform. He looked tired. "Show me something no one wants," he said, "and I'll show you a GI who will buy it." As an afterthought he added, "It will only live about a month. Too many guys petting them, I guess."

We talked and walked abreast, past the Imperial Bar, caged so that terrorists can't lob hand-grenades at the customers. Nine helicopters swept majestically over the city in formation as we turned into Brodard's restaurant.

"Where are you from?" I asked.

"Eugene, Oregon," the soldier answered.

"How long you been here?"

"A little over a year," he said, looking over the tables. I sensed that he needed a good listener yet did not want to talk. "I've been in a battle up in Tai Ninh," he went on. "It was rough. My buddy was killed. He was a sergeant—a professor. When I think of how long it took him to become a professor and how the VC killed him it makes me wonder if there is any sense to anything."

There wasn't a thing I could say to a boy who had been in Vietnam a year and a quarter. I had heard that a heavy fight was going on in Tai Ninh. That was the area of the Cao Dai sect, where his Holiness Pham cong Tac, the Cao Dai Pope, once ruled with an iron hand and where the Communists were so long unable to get a foothold until the American Left destroyed the Cao Dai and left the area to the terror of the Vietcong. If the boy from Oregon knew the whole story, the death of his friend would make even less sense. But, it wasn't the time to talk about that. Better stick to a lighter subject.

"I saw a fellow with a young bear on

his back when I came down today," the young man from Oregon told me, describing it with delight. A long pause followed while we ate in silence. Steak and veal are tough in Saigon; it is best to stick to fish and chicken. "Some of the outfits," my soldier friend finally continued in a tired voice, "have pet boa constrictors. A group of fellows chip in and buy one from the animal market. It is just down the street a couple blocks from the U.S.O. They carry him around on their shoulders. They walk a few feet apart, close enough so that he won't sag on the ground, and the lead man scratches his head. That snake seems to know them."

"What will they do with him when they go home?"

"Cut cards for him, I guess, and the winner will take him back to America." When he mentioned America he grinned. That is home. Just saying it—going back to America, going back home—seemed special, somehow electric.

The soldier said, "I'll be seeing you," when he got up, and I never saw him again. He was just another soldier with a battle on his mind that he wanted to talk about and didn't want to talk about. I pray to God he gets back to America. . . to Eugene, Oregon, and home.

There are many such lonely GIs in Saigon, pouring affection—between battles—on the outfit's pet chipmunk, monkey, bear, sloth, or boa constrictor. The U.S. Information Officer who came to Vietnam after World War II with his batch of films—to prove that Europeans could be defeated—is a Consul General somewhere now. I can't help wondering as I look at these boys passing through Saigon if by any chance he and his wife have a son in this war—buying a chipmunk somewhere or dying in a rice paddy. — HILAIRE DU BERRIER FROM SAIGON

Dictatorship

And The Growing Presidential Power

Robert H. Montgomery is a nationally renowned Boston attorney and Shakespearean scholar. Two of his previous articles for AMERICAN OPINION, on Felix Frankfurter and Arthur Schlesinger Jr., are still being discussed at the tables of the Harvard Faculty Club. Dr. Montgomery is author of the definitive book, Sacco-Vanzetti: The Murder and the Myth.



■ DOMINUS FAC TOTUM: *Whose excellency above others is infinite, whose authority is absolute, whose commandment is dreadful, whose dislike is dangerous, and whose favour is omnipotent. And for his will, though it bee seldome law, yet always is his power above law.*

LEYCESTERS COMMON-WEALTH
(1584)

Our Political Fortress

In 1783, after the War for Independence had been won, a kingly crown was offered to Washington by officers of the Continental Line who had lingered in cantonments along the Hudson waiting for the Treaty of Paris to be signed. He put it by as Caesar did; but unlike Caesar's, his rejection was not mere foolery—he meant it. Even then he was working with other great minds of the Eighteenth Century laying the foundations of the Federal Constitution, which would be a Political Fortress providing more checks and barriers

against the introduction of monarchy or any form of tyranny than any government ever instituted among mortals.

In a letter to Lafayette in 1788, Washington described the Constitution and the dangers that would threaten it in a degenerate age:

. . . My creed is simply, that the general government is not invested with more powers, than are indispensably necessary to perform the functions of a good government, and that these powers . . . are so distributed among the legislative, executive, and judicial branches . . . that it can never be in danger of degenerating into a monarchy, an oligarchy, an aristocracy or any other despotic or oppressive form, so long as there shall remain any virtue in the body of the people.

I would not be understood, my dear Marquis, to speak of consequences, which may be produced in the revolution of ages, by corruption of morals, profligacy of manners and listlessness for the preservation of the natural and inalienable rights of mankind, that may be established at such an unpropitious juncture upon the ruins of liberty. . . .

In his Farewell Address, Washington warned his countrymen:

The batteries of internal and external enemies will be constantly and actively — often covertly and insidiously — directed against your Political Fortress. Watch over its

CONTENTS — JANUARY, 1967

Editor
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Black Power	Gary Allen	1
From Saigon	Hilaire du Berrier	15
Dictatorship	Robert H. Montgomery	17
Draft 'Em All	Allison Anders	29
Food Prices	Hans Sennholz	35
De Libris	Medford Evans	41
From London	Frank MacMillan	51
The Federalist	Reed Benson and Robert Lee	55
From The North	Robert H. Montgomery	57
From The South	Tom Anderson	59
In The Hemisphere	Harold Lord Varney	61
From The Campus	Gordon V. Drake	63
From Science	David O. Woodbury	65
Principles Of Economics	Hans Sennholz	67
Moffitt On The Arts	Jack Moffitt	69
Our America	E. Merrill Root	73
The Bomb	Medford Evans	81
The Court	Martin Dies, Sr.	99
Poetry	edited by E. Merrill Root	111
Admiral Chester W. Nimitz		113
Cover Portrait	Daniel Michael Canavan	Cover

December 17, 1966

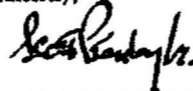
Dear Reader:

One of our favorite people in this world is a gentleman genius who lives as near to the Harvard campus as decency will allow, commutes by taxi to his office in Boston where he has practiced law since 1912, carries an ivory-headed cane, and is quite certain that somebody named the Earl of Oxford wrote Shakespeare. Our friend's name is Robert H. Montgomery.

Now Dr. Montgomery just happens to be one of this nation's foremost authorities on Constitutional law. He was, we thought, just the man to prepare an essay we have long wanted on the dangerously expanding power of the Presidency. After all, he is not only a nationally famous Constitutional authority, but an author (*Sacco-Vanzetti: The Murder and the Myth*), a columnist (*From The North*), and even a Contributing Editor to this very magazine. So we asked him to do it. He set aside two other manuscripts, locked himself away in his Cambridge home, and produced what we think is one of the most important articles ever to appear in this journal.

Robert Montgomery's analysis of Presidential usurpation begins on Page 17. After you have read it you will understand why we are making reprints available immediately; and you will certainly understand why he is among our favorite people in this world—Earl of Oxford, ivory-headed cane, and all.

Sincerely,



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BLACK POWER

American Opinion Goes To A Berkeley Rally

Gary Allen is a Los Angeles journalist who has covered for AMERICAN OPINION such affairs as the Watts insurrection, the pro-Vietcong protests at Berkeley, and the Delano grape strike. He is now employed in the preparation of filmstrips on current affairs—the latest being Show Biz in the Streets. Mr. Allen has just finished his first book, Communist Revolution in the Streets, which will be published by Western Islands in the spring. A graduate of Stanford University, Gary Allen is married and the proud father of three young children.

■ NO DOUBT in halcyon days of yore, like millions of other Americans, you followed the famous weekly feature in *Life* magazine known as "Life Goes to . . ." You will recall that each week *Life* took you via photographer and reporter to some posh soiree where the Vanasterbilts' spoiled daughter was making her debut, or on a weekend of sailing on Long Island Sound, or perhaps, as Halloween neared, to some extravagant costume party.

Since *Life* has long since been dulled by the disappearance of that feature, AMERICAN OPINION has decided to pick up the gauntlet. We will, in fact, take you to one of the year's outstanding social events — the Halloween Black Power Conference at Berkeley, California. As they say, "It's what's happening, Baby!"

I

THE BERKELEY Black Power Conference was organized and sponsored by the Marxist Students for a Democratic

Society (S.D.S.), whose two-hundred members at Berkeley include a hard core of avowed Communists. The event was announced at a convention of the National Conference for New Politics held at East Los Angeles Junior College in early October. The New Politics group is composed of New Left radicals and obtained its impetus when the Leftwing of the California Democratic Clubs bolted a C.D.C. convention because the rest of the group voted to support the Johnson Administration's War in Vietnam.

The New Politics revolutionaries sought to show their independence by setting out to dump California's "Liberal" Governor Pat Brown. They pointed out that Brown refused to voice support of the Vietcong in the War in Vietnam, that he had fled town to avoid a confrontation when Cesar Chavez and the Marxist "grape strikers" ended their march to Sacramento, and that Brown had not intervened to keep key revolutionaries from being convicted as an aftermath of arrests during the New Left's demonstrations at the Sheraton Palace Hotel in San Francisco. By being willing to sacrifice such a compromising "Liberal," the militant revolutionaries reasoned that they would then be in a position to exert veto power over Democratic Party candidates: In essence they could say, "You play the game our way, all of the time, or we will embarrass you and see that you are defeated. It's our way or the highway, Baby." Governor Pat Brown, it seemed, was expendable in spite of all he had done for the Left in the Golden State.